

"What fools these Mortals be!"  
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

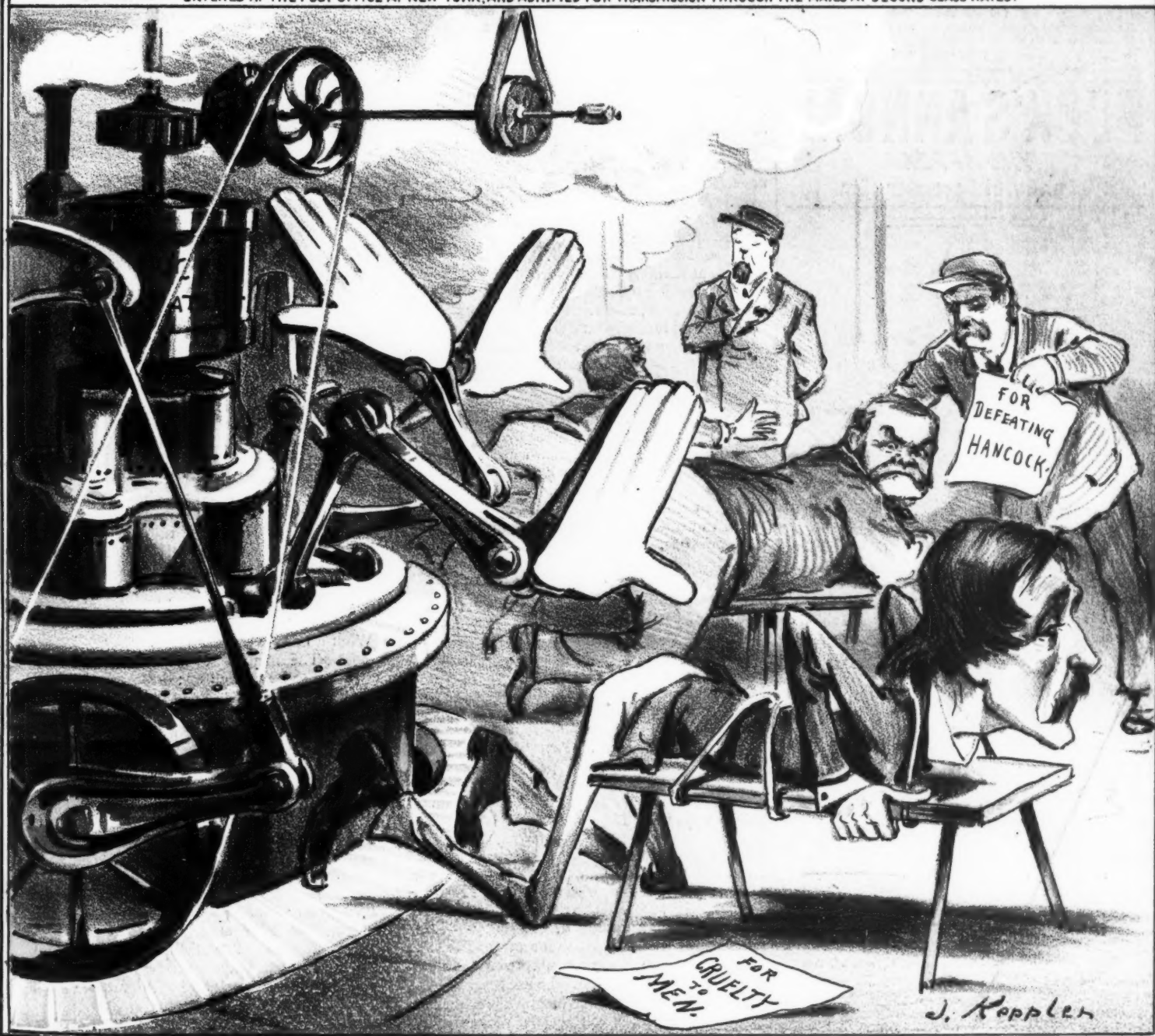
# Puck

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PUCK'S CONCEPTION OF MR. BERGH'S STEAM FLOGGING MACHINE.

## PUCK.

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 EDITOR.....H. C. BUNNER

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 postal cards to inquiring contributors. We  
 cannot undertake to pay attention to stamps  
 or stamped envelopes. We cannot undertake  
 to say this more than one hundred and fifty  
 times more.

Puck this week consists of

\*\* 18 PAGES. \*\*

This is necessitated by the pressure upon our advertising columns,  
 which obliges us to add a supplement of

\*\* 2 PAGES. \*\*

to make up our usual allowance of reading matter.

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WILL APPEAR

On or about December 15th.

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PUCK'S EXCHANGES.

## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

ACCORDING to the cable despatches from Europe, some of the German people share the feelings of Judge Hilton and Mr. Corbin towards the Children of Israel. They have petitioned the government to eject—we don't know the German for "bounce;" but it is probably something in ten syllables—the Hebrews from free and united Germany. Like the Chinese of Mr. Dennis Kearney's city, Reuben, Simeon, Levi, Dan and all the rest of them, including Benjamin and Zebulon, "must go." Bismarck has not yet signified his approval of this ultra-Christian crusade; but nobody doubts that, if he had only his own taste to consult, he would rejoice in showing his native courtesy and kindness of spirit in the way depicted in our centre-page cartoon. Fortunately for the Jews—more fortunately, perhaps, for Germany at large, he may find it advisable to restrain his playful impulses.

Fortunately for the Jews. It is about time that they had a little rest from persecution. Nowadays they are not tortured for their gold, we don't draw their teeth to make them deliver up their shekels of gold and silver; but we make ourselves decidedly disagreeable in a small, civilized way. We exclude them from our palatial hotels, we take their beloved lunch-baskets from them when they go down to the sea in Coney Island steamers; and our Christian

youths make life beautiful to their little Hebrew playmates by taking pieces of pork and sticking them on forks and presenting them, to the accompaniment of appropriate verses, to the

"Curly-headed Jew boy, Jew!"

More fortunately for Germany; because Germany needs the Jews. A commercial country without the Jew is like a well-spring without a frog. The Jew is a purifying and healthful element in all business. He checks waste and extravagance; he enforces order and method; he sets an example of diligence and industry. If he is avaricious, mean, over-reaching, it is because the Christians made him so. The Baron von Grummgrammstein, in 1189, performed an operation in dentistry on old Moses the Jew, to extract cash for crusading expenses. Moses had to ask some feeble borrower 75 per cent interest, to reimburse himself. If his descendant does the same thing to-day, in Berlin, the idle young noble who wants a little "accommodation" has only his own ancestor to thank for it. And if he does not get the money of young Moses—even at 75 %—he will get it nowhere. No one else has worked hard enough, saved and skimmed long enough to have ready money to lend on the shaky security that the profligate can offer. It is a pleasure—not wholly unexpected, though—to learn that the counter-petition presented to Prince Bismarck, pleading for the protection of the Jews, bears the signatures of many representatives of noble and ancient German houses.

It is not an original remark, but it is true, nevertheless, that the Presidential Election is over. Now that we have recovered from our political excitement there is time to look around and give attention to other things—both at home and abroad. The aspect of matters at home is certainly gratifying. There are no burning questions before the public, business is brisk, and the full tide of prosperity is upon us. But how different are matters in nearly all the important countries of Europe! The contrast is really remarkable, and we must be pardoned for blowing our own trumpet, and holding our heads aloft, at being so much better off by comparison. A great deal of this trouble is due to the antiquated ideas of government of the ladies and gentlemen who, under the names of emperors, kings, and queens, are supposed to run the political machine because they are made of a superior quality of flesh and blood to the other inhabitants of their respective countries. If these kings and queens had sense enough to sell their crowns for old gold, reduce their salaries, and try to earn an honest living, they would find that their fellow-countrymen would be much better off.

We should not then hear so much about communism, socialism and nihilism. Attempts would not be made on the lives of these gilded specimens of humanity and their noble hangers-on, and there would be happiness and contentment all round. Our system of government has its faults, some pretty big ones too, but we find that we manage to get along very well without Kings and Emperors, although, by the way, there is a chance of Ulysses reigning over us in the latter capacity. Let us take a look at some of these nations and the persons they have at the head of them. There is Mr. Alexander of Russia, who has just got through with his left-handed matrimonial affairs: He has rather a hard time of it. Nearly every day an attempt is made to shoot or poison him. The boy king of Spain has not been bothered much of late—except perhaps with his baby—that wonderful little she-creature who, at its birth, was presented to the gaze of the representatives of the foreign king trade on a golden platter.

But there are smouldering elements in Spain as in other countries, which will surely one day knock Mr. Alphonso higher than a kite. Austria has about two or three dozen nationalities to keep in order, and she is doing pretty well considering. In any case she's much better off than Russia. Messrs. Wilhelm and Bismarck of Prussia both have their hands full. Some of their contented and happy subjects, to tyrannize a bit on their own account, have got up a nice little crusade against the Jewish portion of their subjects. The plan works admirably—so well, indeed, that it has given us a subject for a centre cartoon. But this excitement is not going to last forever, and then Messrs. W. & B. will have all they can do to look after their Socialists and Communists—if nothing worse in the shape of a foreign enemy. Neither are things in Italy as comfortable as they might be, but the time has not yet arrived for a flare-up. The materials are there, however.

Great Britain is on the whole much better governed than any of these other countries. There are greater freedom of speech and a better sense of justice, that is to say, so long as nobody attempts to interfere with vested interests. The harmless old person and family who are called royal, all of whom spend their time in elegant idleness, have absolutely nothing whatever to do with the administration of the government, and for doing this, receive something like five or six millions of dollars. It is of course very hard on the poorer classes in England or Ireland that these lofty paupers should live on the fat of the land, and in elegant palaces, while misery, starvation and distress in all its forms should be stalking through the land. But it is not precisely the fault of Mrs. Victoria and her family. The real trouble is with the Legislative body, called the House of Lords, who, having practically elected themselves, refuse to do anything that will in any way ameliorate the condition of the lower classes of their fellow-countrymen.

If these "Lords" had passed the good and wise measures that had been presented to them, Ireland would not be in the miserable condition in which it now is. The disturbances, the brutal murders which daily take place are due entirely to the men who have a long string of titles to their names and call themselves legislators. So that until this useless body is abolished and its members become absorbed in the population, and take only the position which their brains or wealth might entitle them, the old, old story will be told in Ireland, and in England for many years to come. There will be political trials and repressive laws and bloodshed.

What a contrast to our management of these things! The majority of us would not permit the nation to be broken up; but otherwise people may do here just as they please. We elect our rulers, and, if they do not suit us, when their terms have expired we elect others in their stead. We have a fair amount of political corruption, but nothing that will compare for a moment with the court intrigues and Lord Tomnoddy rubbish of which Mr. B. Beaconsfield gives us so true a picture in his latest novel, "Endymion." Anybody may say just what he thinks, socialism and communism have no terrors for us, because the majority of our people do not want them. If they did, such systems would probably be legally established. We have made laws, and we stand strictly by them. The disturbing elements in our government may simmer and bubble as much as they please—there is the fullest scope for them; not as in Europe, where the lid of the boiling cauldron has to be kept down by the weight of the bayonets of useless, ignorant and bigoted potentates.



## FLOGGING BY STEAM.

**M**R. HENRY BERGH, the President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, has been making another of those eccentric speeches which have done so much to lessen his reputation as a humanitarian.

The last time we had occasion to discuss this gentleman's peculiarities was in the days when the club of Captain Williams was a power in the City of New York.

The champion street sweeper was not then—as he apparently is not now—familiar with a broom; but he managed to make the time pass very comfortably by utilizing his club as a skull cracking machine with considerable success. Mr. Bergh liked Capt. Williams, and said he did, incidentally remarking that such men were valuable, if not indispensable, public servants. We mildly ventured to differ from Mr. Bergh, which made this gentleman somewhat wrathful—but while we modified our conclusions, we, somehow or other, have never been able to get over the idea that Mr. Bergh's love and regard for dumb animals—barring cats—has blunted his sense of what is due to man, the speaking animal.

No one can deny that Mr. Bergh has done an immense amount of good by preventing and punishing cruelty to animals. All right-minded people rejoice at his success, and, perhaps, with the exception of a few professional brutes in human form, even wrong-minded people sympathize with the cause that Mr. Bergh has made his specialty.

Therefore, when Mr. Bergh states publicly that offenders against the law ought to have all their wickedness lashed out of them, we almost begin to doubt if the advocate of the whipping-post and the President of the S. P. C. A. can be one and the same person.

But they are the same person, and very much so, for not only does Mr. Bergh yearn for the application of the lash generally, but he thinks it would be a good thing for some ingenious inventor to construct a machine for whipping criminals by steam.

It almost takes our breath away that so odd a suggestion should come from such a quarter.

Now we do not propose to discuss the question of the efficacy of flogging human beings. There is a great deal to be said on both sides. A few of our negro friends' testimony on the point would be valuable. There are, too, many soldiers and sailors in the British army and navy who could speak on the subject from experience, and some prisoners in our own jails who are not unfamiliar with the effect of the "paddle."

But whether flogging is right or wrong, Mr. Bergh lays himself open to a terrible charge of inconsistency in advocating it in any form.

He is about the last person in the world who ought to do it, if only for the sake of his beloved animals.

How can he expect drivers and drovers or carmen or laborers who have anything to do with dumb creatures to treat them kindly, when they learn that the President of the S. P. C. A. both approves of and rejoices at the flogging of human beings?

Man, no matter how great a brute he may be, is an animal. As such he is at least entitled to the same kind of treatment that Mr. Bergh would bestow on animals that live among civilized beings. The only possible defence that Mr. B. can have for human flogging is that man is a responsible creature, and has reasoning powers which ought to prevent his doing anything that is brutal. But this is a mighty poor argument, for most of our criminals can, with their training and associations, no more help being criminals than fish can help swimming—it is their nature to.

What is the use of our talking about churches, Christianity, civilization, virtue, mercy, justice and peace and good will among all men—all of which things Mr. Bergh professes to believe in—if this gentleman is to be allowed to apply his lashes as often as he pleases to the bare backs of all the wicked people in the community?

As we said before, we have the highest respect for Mr. Bergh. We have no doubt—in fact, we are quite sure that he means well; but we do not think he means one-half of what he says. He allows his enthusiasm to run away with him, and when he wishes to curb it, he gets deeper in the mire and makes a number of remarks for which he feels sorry five minutes after they are uttered. But it is then too late; they have gone forth to the world, and he thinks it better to stand by them as his true sentiments.

If this charitable explanation of Mr. Bergh's eccentric utterances is not correct, we can then only come to one conclusion, viz., that the worthy President of the S. P. C. A. has outlived his usefulness. The best of us sometimes do this. Mr. John Kelly and Mr. Samuel J. Tilden are admirable cases in point.

Mr. Bergh must give up preaching to us about the treatment of horses, cats and dogs. We refuse to receive from him instruction or information any longer on such subjects.

He can be no more a teacher of humanity, because he does not practice what he preaches. He will become the Henry Ward Beecher of the animal kingdom.

It is always unpleasant to be called upon to speak in uncomplimentary terms of a gentleman who has served the public in his particular line so faithfully and conscientiously as Mr. Henry Bergh. But there is really no help for it.

The best thing he can do is to resign his office, and make way for somebody with fewer crochets and bees in his bonnet.

We do not expect that the S. P. C. A. will get so excellent a President, and one who will take so deep an interest in its welfare; but it may succeed in obtaining a man with a mind better balanced, and one who will not shock the community by giving expression to sentiments that are not usually associated with philanthropists and humanitarians.

As to the steam-flogging machine that Mr. Bergh is anxious to see in general use, we have taken the liberty of making a sketch of one which may possibly meet with Mr. Bergh's approval.

The fancy of our artist has run wild, inasmuch as he has pictured Mr. Henry Bergh and Mr. John Kelly as receiving their first steam castigation. Yet perhaps it might do them both good.

## AN IRVING-HALL RHYME.

One, two,  
Kelly knew,  
Three, four,  
Long before,  
Five, six,  
He played his tricks,  
Seven, eight,  
He'd lose the State,  
Nine, ten,  
To Garfield's men.

## WHAT NEXT?

So Sarah's gone!  
She's flitted from our mourning town  
And swift she's borne  
Elsewhere to seek the laurel crown.  
Our sparkling belles,  
Who know as much French as a cow,  
Our howling swells—  
What will those creatures gape at now?

A. L.

## Puckerings.

MR. MRS. LANGTRY is here.

MR. CHARLES BACKUS is the only man in America who can kiss Sarah Bernhardt at once.

A DOCTOR in western New York cures all diseases by immersion in cold water. He is known as a Canalopath.

MISS MARY ANDERSON has recently purchased a diamond necklace and pendant for \$5,000. She is now having paste ones made to be stolen.

HOWEVER UNREGENERATE and prone to evil General Garfield may have been hitherto, even Saints Beecher and Talmage will not deny that he is now one of the elect.

THE PRINCIPAL of a young ladies' seminary in Syracuse has so exhaustingly inflicted her pupils with "deportment" that, when left alone, her girls of sixteen act like sixty!

A WHOLESALE BUTCHER up-town bought beef "for a rise." He got it. Two of his ribs and his left leg are as good as ever: the rest of him has an unpleasant appearance of sausage meat.

IN ENGLAND not one book in 1,840 goes through a second edition, and not one in many thousands a third. How differently are these things managed in America! Here Puck's ANNUAL for 1881 has a dead sure thing on ten editions.

"LORD BEACONSFIELD has obtained for his secretary, Mr. Curry, the title of Lord Rowton."—*Exchange*. One difference, then, between the Minister and his secretary, seems to have been that the one curried favor and the other favored Curry.

MR. CZAR ALEXANDER, of Russia, has placed in a bank at Berlin a million and a half of dollars to the credit of his left-handed wife. She is therefore now able to buy a sealskin sacque and other new garments, and not compelled to wear the cast-off clothes of the late-lamented right-handed Czarina.

WE HATE to be hard on an old-established poet; but it is our duty to warn Mr. Alfred Tennyson that this "First Quarrel" he has just published is an infringement on Mr. W. Carleton's justly celebrated and popular "Betsy and I Are Out" patent, and that he will have to purchase the county-rights and give references as to respectability, if he wants to go on without getting into a legal hurricane.

OUR E. C. the *Sun* has unearthed a whole bunch of little three-for-a-cent modern Spanish poets, and gives them all a good notice. It says:

Echegaray is a devil luminous and original; Campoamor is a happy man who writes profoundly; Grilo is a Horace, revealing a melancholy life filled with dream-winged griefs and imaginary wrongs in supple language humid with tears and morning dew; Nunez de Arce is the poet Deputy of the Cortes, all the more poet because he is a Deputy. There is also a long file of youthful writers, anxious, feverish and strong, with souls undoubtedly poetic, but tormented by a lack of the ideal. With such a want, the most courageous genius, unable to create a people, chokes and dies without glory.

What those Castilians want is the Sweet Singer of Michigan. She would knock the whole gang cold, even Echegaray and the man with the dream-winged griefs. There is no lack of the ideal in her poetical make up to obstruct the windpipe of her genius.

## GARFIELD'S CABINET.

UNDOUBTEDLY Garfield showed great shrewdness in dodging the newspaper men while in Washington, but he made a grand mistake in passing a night in a hotel in Cleveland on his trip back to Mentor.

Probably he thought he was in his own bed in his own house, and so he did not notice that the transom over the door which led to the next room was open. That was the case, however, and a reporter spent the night in that adjoining room.

Of course a conversation between a man and his wife on family matters should be held sacred, but when such individuals discourse upon affairs which vitally affect the whole country, their conversation becomes a matter of public interest.

On that night, in that hotel, the General gave himself dead away on the question of his Cabinet, and the reporter feels that an interested world would never forgive him if he concealed the information received by him in the still watches of the night through that transom.

It was about one o'clock in the morning.

"My dear," said the General to his wife, "the politicians say that it is my duty to reward with high honors those to whom I am most indebted for my election. On that basis they have arranged my Cabinet."

"Well," said Mrs. G., "I am glad of that. Now you can stop worrying over it. I hope they have given us a nice, moral, tea-party sort of a Cabinet, like the one Mrs. Hayes has run for the last three or four years."

"I'm afraid you'll be disappointed," said the General dolefully.

"Whom have they given you for Secretary of State?" asked Mrs. G., with a trace of sharpness in her tones.

"They say the Secretary of State should be the man who carried the pivotal State, Ulysses Simpson Grant."

"And the Secretary of War?" asked Mrs. G.

"Well, they say Ulysses S. Grant knows all about war, and that he should have the place."

"And the Secretary of the Navy?"

"Well, they say U. Simpson Grant should have that because some slanderous people have charged him with being occasionally half-seas over."

"And the Secretary of the Treasury?" asked Mrs. G.

"Oh, everybody says he will prove a treasure in that position."

"And the Postmaster-General?"

"Why, they think General Grant should be appointed to that position, because he is short of stamps."

"And the Attorney-General?"

"Well, they say that for that position Grant is a necessity, because he knows no law."

"And the Secretary of the Interior?" asked Mrs. G., with considerable emphasis.

"Oh, they say General Ulysses Simpson Grant is just the man for that place, because he will know how to impose taxes on whiskey and tobacco so as to treat the consumer fairly."

"Very well," said Mrs. G.; "but I want you to understand that I do not propose to have any drinking and smoking by you and your Cabinet in the White House."

"That's hard on the Cabinet," said the General. "He and I will be forced to consult at some 'Dew Drop Inn.'"

Then quiet reigned until the snore of the righteous told the reporter that the great man and his wife had dropped into the land of dreams.

There may be those who will doubt the authenticity of the foregoing report. They, perhaps, are excusable, because they do not know the reporter personally. The General himself may insist that he never said anything of the sort, and that he does not talk in that way. In that case Mr. Hewitt can be called in. He has heard his friend Garfield talk, and it can be asked of Mr. Hewitt if his friend Garfield does not talk in precisely that manner.

ARTHUR LOT.

## FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CL.

ENDYMION.



Ya-as, I am not of a stwongly liter-arwy disposition, but hang it, ye know a fellow cahn't he-ah of things that are going on around him without natur-wally inquirwing about them, and aw

faw the last week I have heard a gweat deal about a novel witten by Diswaeli aw Lord Beaconsfield, ye know.

Beaconsfield, as everwybody knows, has witten a gweat many storwies about politics, and this "Endymion"—aw that's the name—is no exception to the wule.

A gweat many charwactahs in this aw storwy are people who have, maw or less, occupied pwominent positions in supwemely arwistocwatic circles.

Jack says that they are not all twue portwaits, but are quite well-dwawn enough to enable people who know anything about public and interwesting pwivate celebwties to wecognize them.

Faw instance, some Liberwal or Wadical—I forget which—who is now in his gwawe, and whose name was Wichard Cobden, Jack Carnegie says is wepwoduiced undah the name of Thornberwy.

I believe that my gwandfathah is also made to figure in this work, but, although I have wead the b-b-book, I have not yet put my fingah on the pwecise personage intended faw him, as so many of them bear such a stwong wesemblance to one anothah.

Aw then again there is the late Emperwah Napoleon undah the name of Pwince Florwesian.

Poor fellow, aw, I knew him intimately, and wathah liked his style—we were, aw indeed, tolerwably good fwends—I am sorwy that Fwance came to gwief undah him, and that he came to gwief himself, but I don't see how it could have wervy well have been pwewented.

I have not the wemotest intention of witing about all the charwactahs in the book. I merely wefer to two or thrwee because they interwest me in a slight degwee; but aw I think it an awfully quee-ah thing, ye know, faw a pe-ah of the wealm to entah into competition with those wegulah pwofessional liter-warwy fellows who get their bwead and buttah by scwibbling storwies and things, and getting them pwinted.

I should not mind so much if Diswaeli only wote historwy or even poetwy, but to publish tales about imaginawy people which are far wemoved fwom twuth is, I think, deuced bad form.

Of course there is a little excuse faw Beaconsfield, as he did not spwing orwiginally fwom an arwistocwatic family, but hang it all, now that he is one of us he ought to dwop such wubbish.

Besides, I don't like my fwends and wewatives to be made to appe-ah in a widiculous light, even if some alterwation is made in their names.

And then there is too much luxurwy—too much liberwality and excess of gwandeur in the surwoundings of all the charwactahs in his novels.

Twue, our family, and many othahs in the aw peerwage, have satisfactorwy incomes, but it is not considered pwopah bweeding to make a gwand show, on all occasions, of the wiches we possess—it is a mark of extweme vulgarity aw.

## PUCK'S ADVICE TO JOHN KELLY.



FLEE FROM THE WRATH TO COME—PROCURE JEFF DAVIS'S PETTICOATS—AND BROKEN DEMOCRATIC HOOPS—ADOPT TWEED'S TACTICS AND "GET UP AND GET."



## A UNION OF SISTER ARTS.—ACTING AND ADVERTISING.



A SKETCH WHICH IS BOTH A PROPHETIC VISION AND A PRACTICAL SUGGESTION.

THE DRAMA OF THE PRESENT,  
WITH  
ADVERTISING ATTACHMENT.A LEAF FROM  
PUCK'S PATENT PROMPTBOOK.[Extract from the play of "Camille"—Act IV.  
—Last Scene.]

Music by Orchestra of Blowfree Music Co.

CAMILLE.—[*overwhelmed with shame*,] Yes, yes—I am all that you say! Money has been my object throughout life—money—money to purchase these gorge us robes of Mme. Tightfit—money to buy these gems of Biffany & Co.—money to have my hair dressed by Crimpem the coiffeur. I can live only in this giddy whirl of excitement and luxury—in richly furnished apartments like this—so beautifully pictured by Mr. Dauber, the renowned scenic artist. I can walk only on carpets from Kougan's—sit only in Stuffer's patent double-cushioned chairs—waltz only to Ting-a-ling's giddy tunes, played on a Vebor piano. A curtain hangs over my true life more rich, more deeply tinted than even one of Hangem's manufacture. I am a whited sepulchre, with walls covered, as it were, with wall-paper from Levi's Bazaar. Do not risk your life for me. Fly!

ARMAND.—[*terribly affected*,] Rise, Camille, rise! I will fly—on one condition.

CAMILLE.—[*same*,] What is that?

ARMAND.—[*ditto*,] That you fly with me!

Listen to me, Camille! I am mad with a raging fire, hot as that kindled by Lush's Genuine Old Tom Gin. Beneath the breast of this coat, so elegantly made by Nickle, the famous tailor, beats a heart whose agony is not to be expressed in words. What is this man to me? He is but the shade and shadow of a rival, as unreal as Ochre's picture there upon the wall—that size \$1.00. Say that you love me still!

CAMILLE.—An abyss separates us, Armand. We can no longer love each other. I have sworn it. The chasm that parts us is wide as Park Avenue, on which fashionable street Permit & Co. are now offering for sale several very

eligible corner-lots. Go—forget me! I have sworn it.

ARMAND.—To whom?

CAMILLE.—To de Varville!

ARMAND.—What, to that man, who gets his clothes from the opposition house to Nickle's—the house that refused to advertise with us, at the low rate of \$10.00 a mention?

CAMILLE.—[*again overwhelmed with shame*,] Ay.

ARMAND.—But he smokes cigarettes not from Skinny Brothers' celebrated manufactory!

CAMILLE.—[*utterly abased*,] He does!

ARMAND.—And you love this man, this man whose shoemaker—base creature—I can not mention his name, for he has not paid his advertising-bill—you love him?

CAMILLE.—[*clean gone*,] I do.

ARMAND.—[*rushing to the door*,] Come in, all!

[*Enter Omnes, C. D. F.*]

You all see this woman?

OMNES.—Camille!

ARMAND.—Do you know what she has done? She sold her diamonds from Sparkle's—her carriage from Jewster's—her horses from Batter-sall's—that we might live in one of S. U. Burban's commodious villas. She is a pale, scentless flower, pale as one of Bebus's Camellias in the tasteful flower-stand and jardinière yonder, from Bentwood & Co.'s. But you are all witnesses that I pay my debt [*showers gold upon her*]. Now I owe her nothing.

VARVILLE.—[*rushing upon him*,] Yes, you do!

ARMAND.—Don't! You muss my collar—Curl & Billson's patent duplex hem-stitched. Villain, unhand me.

[*Music; Curtain, ornamented with adv. of Gabbitt's Soap, falls.*]

## WANTED.

A chap, who in the middle parts his hair,



The inside of whose skull is not quite bare.

A ma, who does not think her baby quite



"Too awful lovely" in her neighbors' sight.

## TOO MUCH BERNHARDT.

"GREAT Heavens, what is this I see!"  
With terror-stricken voice he gasped,  
And sinking weeping on his knee,  
Her rigid hand in his he clasped.

"O, dearest, thou'rt not dead, oh, say  
Thou still dost live, my darling wife!"  
But stiff and motionless she lay  
And gave no outward signs of life.

He placed his hand upon her heart  
And waited, breathless, for its beat;  
And see! what was it made him start,  
In joyous rapture, to his feet?

"Run for a doctor, quickly, fly  
While yet a spark of life remains."  
But look, the figure winks its eye,  
And with a laugh its feet regains.

"O stop your shouting and your crying  
You silly boy," exclaims the minx,  
"Why, can't you see that I was trying  
To show you Sarah in 'The Sphinx?'"  
HECTOR ROSENFELD.

## MODERN MIRACLES.

WE hear a great deal about the wonderful things that have taken place at Lourdes in France and Knock in Ireland. Hoboken, too, is not behindhand, with its St. Michael's Church and the Monastery of the Passionist Fathers. The sick and maimed have been flocking to those establishments, and knocking the practice of the physicians in the neighborhood higher than a kite.

It is not fair of the authorities of St. Michael's Church and the Passionist Fathers to place their relics and altars at the service of the sick. It is bad enough in Lourdes and Knock; but then they are in foreign countries. And, if in the United States of America the medical profession is to be handicapped by supernatural cures, it is time for Congress to interfere. We are too young a nation to allow free trade in medicine.

But Hoboken is not the only region where miracles are daily taking place. New York City is running it a close race, and that, too, without the aid of saints, relics or altars.

The cures and miracles to which we shall call attention are perhaps quite as effectual as anything that has been accomplished at Knock, Lourdes or Hoboken, although the knowledge of them is not as widespread.

If we see a poor decrepit individual walking along the streets with a placard round his neck with the legend, "I am blind," we pity that individual from the bottom of our hearts. If he wears spectacles we pity him more, because we then know that there is innate delicacy of feeling about the man. He may have lost his sight through some horrible accident—perhaps an explosion or a duel or chronic cataract—and wishes to hide from public gaze the ravages of the disease.

With true charity, we present the unfortunate beggar with five



cents. He carefully feels the coin, to be quite certain that it is not a two-and-a-half dollar gold piece—these things do get mixed sometimes—and then deposits it in his capacious pockets, and calls aloud for blessings to be showered in profusion on the liberal giver's head.

We feel that we have done something good, that we have shown what practical religion is, and are consequently on proportionately good terms with ourselves. But the miracle has not come off yet.

Suppose we have an irresistible desire—a morbid craving, as it were, to gaze on the scarred sockets of what once held the eyes of the beggar.

We rudely, nay almost fiendishly, snatch at that blind man's heav-

ily mounted blue spectacles, and we succeed in pulling them away from his intellectual countenance.

A miracle has been accomplished. We have restored to that poor man his sight. We look upon him and observe that he can see as well as we can. His eyes are a little bleared, but these windows of his soul are just as well adapted for seeing as are ours.

No one is more surprised than the beggar himself, and it must be admitted that it knocks anything that Knock has done.

Another impressive miracle is in connection with kerosene.

It is said that the greater portion of the population of Heaven



consists of servant girls, who have gone, prematurely, thither through the medium of coal oil.

We once knew of a Milesian servant girl who built her fire with kerosene—no explosion followed, and she did not feel in the least bit the worse for it.

Such a curious circumstance cannot be accounted for by natural means, the supernatural must have done the business.

Perhaps the angel or imp who takes petroleum under his special protection did not desire the presence of this particular Biddy in his stamping ground; but, endeavor to explain it as we may, the fact of her not being blown up is, to our minds, a miracle of the very highest order, and as such deserves to be handed down to posterity to become an ancient miracle in due time.

We trust that His Holiness the Pope will not excommunicate us for describing these marvelous things, which must have the effect of interfering with the monopolies enjoyed by Lourdes and Knock, and later by Hoboken; but we fear that His Holiness will have no alternative if he should read, by any chance, this issue of PUCK, and especially the details of the crowning miracle of all that we are now about to give.

A poor maimed Union soldier, who had a wooden leg and wore but one arm stood regularly, day after day, at the corner of Wall and Broad Streets and solicited alms from patriotic passers-by.



He looked like a veteran and all that the name implies, and many were the battle stories that he related to the youthful clerks of brokers.

"The most terrible fight I was ever in was at Chickamauga; I lost my arm and leg by the splinters from a bomb shell—"

There came a new policeman on that beat. There was a merry twinkle in his eye, and he seemed to recognize that Union soldier. That Union soldier knew him too. The supreme moment was at hand and the miracle was about to be accomplished. The new policeman flourished his club, and deprived the Union soldier of his tunic, and behold, the warrior had recovered his lost arm and leg.

Now let Knock, Lourdes and Hoboken beat this if they can.



## NO YANKEE NEED APPLY.

**W**E "want a change," our Celtic race—  
Beginning with misruled New York,  
And since 'tis under Catholic Grace  
(As PUCK says,) it should be "New Cork."  
Descended from old Irish kings  
We'd rule the country by and by  
With Bishops, Cardinals and things  
And then—No Yankee need apply.

Then all the offices we'll fill  
(For ruling comes to us so pat,)  
Till they run out, then make at will  
More bureaus sinecurely fat.  
You know we're educated men,  
(We and the piggies shared the sty.)  
For, thus familiar with the pen  
You see—No Yankee need apply.

We'll vote the means for Catholic schools,  
(The Protestants leave in the lurch,)  
For wouldn't we be cursed fools  
To not support the Only Church?  
The Church that we acknowledge Boss!  
You'll have to worship on the sly  
And bear a different sort of cross  
From ours.—No Yankee need apply.

The Pope will send a Bishop or  
A Cardinal our King to stay,  
Or p'raps we'll crown him Emperor  
Of Irish-Free-Americay!  
(The crown shall wear the cross, you see,)  
And to his service all will fly—  
For favors bend the pregnant knee,  
But there—No Yankee need apply!

SLOWCUS.

## AMUSEMENTS.

Mr. John McCullough continues to cover himself with glory at HAVERLY'S FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE. There is now a roundness and finish about his performances that were not so marked in his former appearances in this city. His impersonations of "King Lear" and "Othello" are entitled to very high praise, and we think we are not wrong in calling Mr. McCullough our best American tragedian. The company is efficient, and Mr. F. B. Warde is a sterling actor who reads in a most effective and intelligent manner. "The Gladiator" was played on Monday and Tuesday last.

There is vitality, and a great deal of it, too, in the drama born of the wilds of the West, at least so the Brooklyn people seem to think, for have they not McDonough & Fulford's combination, who are playing "M'Lliss, or the Child of the Sierras," with Miss Annie Pixley as the heroine? This is at HAVERLY'S BROOKLYN THEATRE, and don't you forget it! The lager beer drama will succeed "M'Lliss" next week, for the Knights are coming, not those of Maltah, (pun,) and the play of "Otto" will be the order of the night without a K, and the Brooklynites will rejoice accordingly.

"Prince Achmet," which has its temporary home at HAVERLY'S FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE, is nothing more than our old friend "Horror," under a thin disguise. We are a little tired of these pieces of the "Revels," "Horror" and "Achmet" type; but there are many people who perhaps are not, especially the young folks, who will soon have an opportunity of taking in "Hiawatha" and the great Holiday spectacle "The Babes in the Wood."

Last night was "A Grand Extra" at the ACADEMY OF MUSIC, and "Mefistofele" shone forth in all its weirdness, originality and beauty. The more one sees it, the better one likes it; although there is a little too much suggestion of Mr. Wagner ever to make it as popular as

the "Mulligan Guards Picnic." "I Puritani" with Gerster to-night and Gerster with "Rigoletto" on Friday.

Mr. Bartley Campbell's "Matrimony" is the novelty at the STANDARD. Messrs. Robson-Flat, and Crane-Sharp, having concluded their engagement. We have not yet seen "Matrimony," but we have an idea that it has something to do with marriage in some form or other. More hereon anon.

Sadie Bernhardt, thou hast left us, and thy loss we deeply feel, etc.; but we have the consolation in knowing that you are putting the inhabitants of the City of Culchah to the test; thus has every cloud a silver lining. At BOOTH'S THEATRE, on Monday night, Mr. James O'Neil played *Jean Renaud* in "A Celebrated Case."

SILK IS SUCH a glut on the market that it will soon have to be sold in the Cotton Exchange as "Middling Uplands."

CHANG, the Chinese Giant, has arrived. We understand that he is to open a laundry in the Equitable Building, under special contract to wash David Davis's shirts.

## AN APOLOGY.

Our sense of what is due to ourselves, as well as to a public sentiment with which we can not only sympathize; but to which we must bow, impels us to insert in our columns a communication for which we have hitherto never been obliged to make place.

It is our painful duty to make, not only to our readers, but to the public at large, a humble and sincere APOLOGY for a certain shortcoming the importance of which we freely and unaffectedly acknowledge.

We can only plead in our own behalf that our dereliction in this matter has been caused by no wanton ignorance of what we owe to a public at all times appreciative and indulgent.

It has been caused solely by our inability to do otherwise.

We cannot deny that we have done our friends a wrong in getting them to read down all this way just to strike an advertisement for

## PUCK'S ANNUAL

But they really must excuse us. The labor that has been spent in getting up this, the second publication of the sort that we have prepared, has been such as is rarely given to similar works; and we are ready, if any man says that a better book has ever been put on the market, to take him out, and reason with him, and show him the brilliant literature, and the resplendent illustrations, the fluent poetry and the illuminated title-page, to point out the fact that this volume of 124 pp., all highly interesting—some of them paroxysmally enlivening, is sold for the low price of 25 cents—to do all this for him, and to ask him, quietly and mildly, if he won't take it all back, and beg our pardon; and if he won't, we will scalp him and boil him in benzine, and send him home to his family to be petrified and set up in Central Park as a monumental idiot.

## Answers for the Anxious.

The pressure on our columns keeps a number of "Answers for the Anxious" standing over a week to week. Correspondents who are not promptly vitriolled will please possess their souls in patience, and wait their turn.

HASELTINE.—She is going to the mat, this aft.

J. C. AINSWORTH.—Somebody told Noah, when he made that joke which you have just sent us, that it wasn't funny. Somebody was right.

G. G. B.—Call, dear boy; call on us; and then we will explain to you how it is that certain vehicles of humor become too rickety with age to serve as illustrations, however apposite the case.

T. A. WRIGHT.—Please order for yourself, and charge to A. Lot, Esq., 1 superior rosewood coffin, solid silver handles, satin-lined. Your criticism has been forwarded to the author of "Fresh as the Dew."

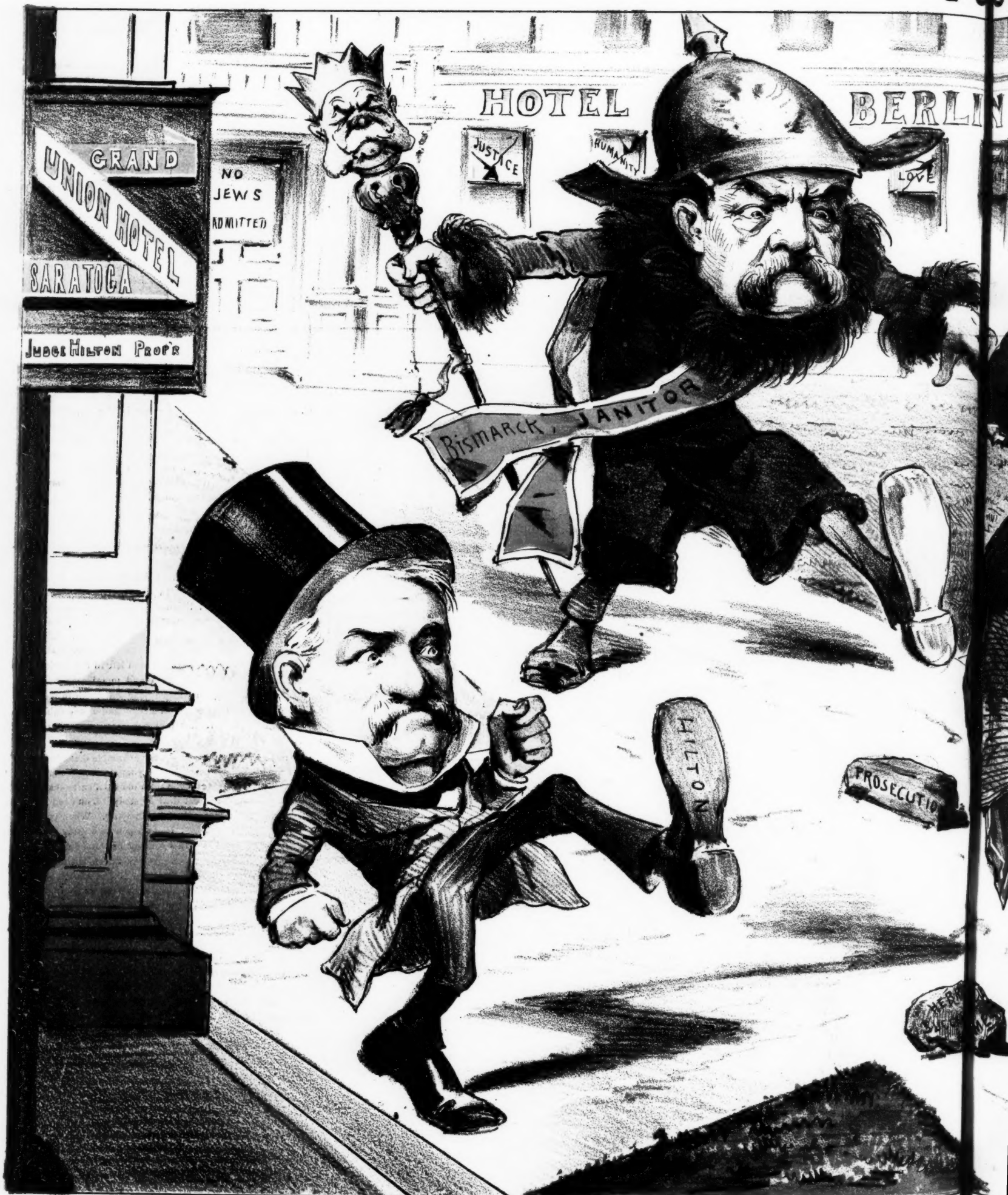
JAMES JOHNSON.— } If the lovely and accom-  
ARTHUR CUNNINGHAM.— } plished Miss Marguerite makes no objection to the lineaments of her aristocratic husband, you will have to put up with our portrait of the Honorable Mr. Fitznoodle.

C. MORTON STUART.—We are not in the Art-Critic business—it doesn't pay well enough, and brings too many wild men with long hair after you with hatchets and hatred; but we have no objection to answering your query. The pictures you ask about are well-executed—not well enough, however, to warrant us in mentioning the name of the publication, and thus giving it an indirect puff. If anything deserves such a good notice, it is the more enterprising and younger periodical that introduced the style of art which the other is now trying to copy.

COLSPEC.—Do you really mean that we are to believe that, although Progress has kept up her grand, triumphal march, although Art and Science have labored unceasingly to make man happier and better, although Literature has exerted her invigorating influence upon his soul, for uncounted centuries—do you wish us to believe that, in spite of all this, there is still one man left in the world whose standard of mental elevation and moral ambition is not above making an alleged joke on a hair in the butter? Get a razor, a pound of arsenic and a 100-calibre pistol, and remove this reproach from our civilization.

FRED A. HETHERINGTON.—Your "humble sketches" won't suit; but don't let that depress your spirits. We are intrusted with a message to you from our chief cartoonist. He says you need a great deal of study. You need it because you have talent. Keep on studying. When you have got through studying, begin again and study still more. Keep it up at intervals through life, and study in the intervals. Don't imagine that any success is enough to warrant you in ceasing to study. If you let success get away with you, you are a goner, as an artist and a man. Treat it with indifference, keep on deserving it, and you will get more of it than you have any use for. This is a sermon—but it is the solidest and cheapest you ever heard.

SCAMANDER BEGOOZE.—You don't believe that Mr. V. Hugo Dusenbury, P. P. is going to publish a book, don't you. Well, that is just about the kind of man we should have taken you for. You are a large, spready, double-guage man for not believing, aren't you? You believe less than Colonel Ingersoll. I probably you don't believe that Jonah swallowed the whale, or that Lot's wife was turned into a cow-pasture and ate grass with the beasts of the field. It is our opinion that you are the original man who didn't believe it was cheaper to shut off the gas than to flow it out, and who got stuck for a first-class funeral in consequence. Maybe you don't believe that PUCK is going to publish an ANNUAL this year; and a better one than he did for 1880. We shouldn't blame you if you didn't believe that last statement; but it is a fact, nevertheless, as you will see if you believe enough in your own existence to hang on in this world of sin and sorrow until the 15th of the month.



OFFICE OF PUCK 23 WARREN ST NEW YORK.

# THE CHOSEN PEOPLE

"I have thriven on this sort of thing for Eighteen Cent - Go



PUCK.

LIN



HOS

een Cent

PEOPLE.

- Go on, gentlemen, Persecution helps de Pizness."

MAYER, HERKEL & OTTMANN LITHOG. 23-25 WARREN ST. N.Y.

## EXTRA.

ALMOST FATAL DUEL  
in the  
CITY HALL PARK.

BENNETT VERSUS KELLY.

**A**T 4:30 o'clock this morning Mr. James Gordon Bennett and Hon. John Kelly, two of our most prominent, if not most respected, citizens met upon the field of honor in City Hall Park to wipe out their mutual insult with blood. We are pained to announce that both were almost fatally wounded. From the many wild rumors afloat we have digested the following facts, which may possibly prove a substantially accurate account of the sad and almost fatal affair.

## THE CAUSE.

It is well known to all readers of PUCK, and perhaps to a few of the few readers of our Esteemed Contemporaries that, before and since the election, the principals in this almost fatal meeting have, from motives which the public at large is unable to comprehend, directly through the columns of their respective organs, and indirectly through our own hurled at one another every form of abuse which their wide experience could suggest. It was manifest to all that the climax was at hand, and no one will be surprised to read that on Monday afternoon Mr. Kelly wrote and sent the following

## CHALLENGE TO MORTAL COMBAT.

COMPTROLLER'S OFFICE, }  
NEW YORK, Monday P. M. }

James Gordon Bennett.—Sir:

The insults which you have heaped upon me through your Tilden-Irving-Hall-Republican subsidized organ, and as to which it would be useless to particularize, can only be expunged by blood, and that too before another sun has risen and set. Though not yourself a man of honor, you have been said to have met on the field of honor, and will therefore understand my meaning. The bearer of this, Mr. W. R. Grace, my second, will receive your answer, and arrange all minor details of time, place and weapons.

JOHN KELLY.

Mr. Bennett received Mr. Grace with a polished ease of manner acquired by long association with the nobility of England and America. He tore open the almost fatal envelope which contained the almost fatal challenge, read the latter with utmost composure, for he had "been there before" and trusted to his vast experience to extricate him—safely, if not honorably, from his difficulty. At the conclusion of a second reading, lighting a cigar, the mate to which he offered his visitor, he said:

"Really, Mr. Grace, this is deucedly annoying, you know; 'before another sun has risen and set' unquestionably means to-morrow, and to-morrow I have an engagement 'at the hunt' at Hunters Point; and there's polo in the afternoon; and McCullough in the evening. Couldn't we manage to postpone this little matter a day or two?"

"I am very sorry, Mr. Bennett, that you have such important engagements; but I must insist on your naming to-morrow; the time, place, weapons and other details will, of course, be arranged by your second and myself. I am instructed to say that unless I receive your immediate acceptance, you will be 'published.'"

"That, of course, would never do, Mr. Grace. It would injure the circulation of the *Herald*, you know. I suppose I'll have to accept. You can call on Mr. Dowd, Mr. William Dowd, who will make all necessary arrange-

ments. But, to change an unpleasant subject, won't you come over to the *Tribune* office, and we'll discuss the situation over a glass of White-law's Culmbacher?"

"Thanks."

And they went over to the Tall Tower basement, where Mr. Reid's managing clerk furnished them with the desired Culmbacher, &c., principally, however, "&c." The next step in the narration of the events of this almost fatal duel is of course,

## THE MEETING OF GRACE AND DOWD.

At the conclusion of the discussion in the *Tribune* office, and after a short tarry at Hudson's for recuperation, Mr. Grace, by the use of considerable tact, ingenuity and strength on the part of an American District Telegraph boy, was ushered into Mr. Dowd's private office. After a moment's pause for breath and recuperation:

"Good morning, Mr. Dowd—as you, of course, have by this time heard from Mr. Bennett of the object of my visit, no further explanation will be necessary, and we can proceed at once to business."

"You are right, Mr. Grace, in your surmise; and that there may be no unnecessary delay in this matter I will at once make my proposition. You, no doubt, are aware that as the challenged party, my principal is entitled to choice of time, place, and weapon? Much as my principal would prefer a delay of a day or two, I suppose he must bow before stern necessity, so he names to-morrow, 4:30 a. m."

"Perfectly satisfactory, Mr. Dowd."

"Now as to place, of course, you will acknowledge that as much publicity must be given to the vindication as was given to the insults themselves."

"Yes, of course, Mr. Dowd, as far as is consistent with the honor and safety of our principals."

"Mr. Bennett insists that the meeting take place in some public park within easy call of a police station, in case of danger to either party."

"Of course, Mr. Dowd, as far as is consistent with the honor and safety of our principals."

"Of course, Mr. Grace, so Mr. Bennett names City Hall Park as a place fulfilling the requisite conditions of publicity, propinquity to police, and possessing an undeniable advantage by reason of its accessibility to the newspaper offices."

"Certainly, Mr. Dowd, the place named is a favorable one as far as concerns the honor and safety of our principals."

"You flatter me, Mr. Grace, by your ready and polite acceptance of my suggestions. Now to the most important of arrangements—the weapons. Mr. Bennett, although an acknowledged expert in nearly every branch of sport, is entirely ignorant of the manner of using a pistol or rifle, has never had a sword in his hand, and—"

"Pardon me, Mr. Dowd; I would then suggest the shillelah as most consistent with the nationality, honor and, above all, the safety of our principals."

"What, Mr. Grace, a shillelah? Excuse me, but that would never do. Nothing 'tony' or 'swell' about a shillelah, none of the nobility ever use shillelahs. It wouldn't sound well in the newspapers. Now listen to a suggestion as to a method of adjusting the difficulty, which would be highly sensational and original, and increase the circulation of the *Express* and *Herald* at least fifty per cent, a result, which, of course, you know is the principal consideration."

"Of course, Mr. Dowd, but only so far as it is consistent with the honor and safety of our principals."

"Certainly, but to return. Mr. Bennett, you know, is an adept with the shot-gun—"

"But, I must remind you, Mr. Kelly knows nothing at all about it, absolutely nothing."

"Have no fear, Mr. Grace, the safety of principals shall always be considered. Now I propose that this hostile meeting shall be conducted on the principle, but, of course, in a manner not at all similar to a pigeon match. You mark the distinction, I see? Mr. Bennett shall first place himself in a large 'trap' on the principle, but not at all similar to a 'pigeon trap,' his face and head being well protected. At a given and preconcerted signal the 'trap' shall be sprung, my principal shall be thrown in the air; Mr. Kelly at a distance of thirty yards shall endeavor to 'wing' him, on the same principle but not at all similar to the method in vogue at pigeon matches. This having been done, why then, *vice versa*, Mr. Kelly, trap; Mr. Bennett, gun. In this way shots will be fired, blood shed, honor vindicated, nobody hurt, sensation created, and circulation of *Express* and *Herald* increased fifty per cent. All that could be desired. See?"

"Admirable, Mr. Dowd, admirable. In every way calculated to satisfy both principals, and, above all, perfectly consistent with their honor and safety."

We now come to the thrilling recital of the scenes at

## THE DUEL.

Precisely at 4:30 this morning, only one who was fool enough, or was compelled to be up, might, had he cared to look, have seen two parties wending their respective ways toward the spot selected for the almost fatal encounter. Mr. Kelly, with Mr. Grace at his side, was encouraged by the presence of the entire Tammany Executive Committee, headed by the venerable form of Augustus Schell, bent by the shocks of many a setting up and many a knocking down, yet still hopeful for the future. Around Mr. Bennett were clustered the leading representatives of the foreign and domestic nobility. The prominent social, sporting and charitable organizations, as represented by many members, surrounded him, while at a respectful distance were bands of Erin's daughters from Murray Hill, eager to show their sympathy for their benefactor. Temporary telephone wires ran to all the newspaper offices, and a "gold and stock" operator was on hand to send the incidents and result over the tape to the hotels, banks and pool-rooms. The "trap" is pitched without delay. Mr. Kelly is at his mark with loaded gun. Mr. Bennett takes his position in the trap. Mr. Grace holds the "trap" cord. All is ready. Mr. Dowd steps to the telephone (connected with Police Headquarters) to give the signal. The great throng is hushed. A moment of awful and intense suspense. Mr. Grace is about (so outsiders thought) to pull the string, but—his hand is arrested by the strong arm of Superintendent Walling. A wild, indescribable scene ensue. Too sublime for mortal pen to picture! Bennett embraces Kelly! Grace ditto Dowd! Tammany and Irving Halls pour forth oceans of conciliatory tears! The bird of peace hovers over all! Honor is vindicated! Safety secured! Circulation of *Herald* and *Express* increased fifty per cent! Everybody happy! All's well that ends well! Hallelujah!! Whoop!!!

## REMEDIAL JUSTICE.

Thou who my codifier art,  
Of Lucian fate the appointee,  
From Sheriff Cupid save my heart,  
From Love's dire levy leave it free!

A. E. WATROUS.

NOTE.—The code directs what articles shall be exempt from levy and sale upon execution, as PUCK's legal readers will know. The Codifiers were appointed by Governor Robinson.



## HIS FIRST FEE.

HERE are moments in the life of every man when he feels that fate has the "call" on him; when he is overwhelmed by despair so profound, disgust so unspeakable, regrets so keen, misgivings so harrowing and recklessness so unbounded, that all sense of recollection and all regard for consequences is rudely, madly swept away. It is in a time of such acute dejection that he petitions the Board of Aldermen to make him a Notary Public.

It is not at all supposable that a man basking in a sunburst of prosperity could conceive of the possibility of such demand. But to the reckless it is a great relief, as showing how much worse off a man *can* be than he is, and to what grim straits human nature may be put.

The duties of a Notary Public are two-fold: He must provide himself with a heavy stamp, and, in the second place, must purchase a glass sign with "Notary Public" in gilt letters. This is his equipment. After this he must lie in wait for business, observing one sovereign precaution, *i. e.*, never to have any small change.

The profits of a Notary who has change range from nothing to \$250 a year. But a careful and non-change-producing Notary earns from \$250 to \$2,500.

There resides in the Eleventh Ward of the imperial metropolis of New York a young notary named Arundel McSorley. He was led to become a Notary in a moment of despair, when grieving over the loss of a girl who had rejected with scorn and contumely his proffers of marriage. So he found solace in the official stamp, the glass sign with gold letters, and other paraphernalia. It was one day last week he got his first fee. Here is how he earned it: There is a well-known professional bruiser named McElhainny whose place of abode is in Harlem. A couple of weeks ago he had a

little sparring contest with a gentleman in Harrisburg, Pa., who proved somewhat stronger than himself. Mr. McElhainny had not made good his forfeit, and the referee, who lives in Bradford, Pa., drew upon him for the amount (\$4.50).

The draft was sent to Arundel McSorley for collection, and he waited on the pugilist in person. The only precaution he observed in starting on this pleasurable errand was to denude his pockets of small change. \*\*\*\*\* He saw McElhainny for a few minutes. \*\*\*\*\* Mr. McSorley is now in the hospital, and may get out by the Fourth of July. The referee in Bradford has the only clew to the Notary's catastrophe. It is in the words following:

## PROTEST.

From the office of ARUNDEL MCSORLEY, N. P., with his compliments and greeting.

*E Pluribus Unum.*

United States of America.

NEW YORK, December 3rd, '80.

## COPY OF DRAFT.

Ignatius McElhainny, Esq., professional pugilist, one day after sight, pay to the order of — the sum of fifty dollars (\$50) —

Be it known that on the day of the date hereof, at the request of the Eleventh Ward Bank, the holder of the original draft of which a true copy is above given, I, the undersigned Arundel McSorley, Notary Public for the County of New York, by lawful authority duly commissioned and sworn, residing in the city of New York, did, during the usual hours of business for such purposes, PRESENT THE SAME to Ignatius McElhainny, the drawee, and demanded the acceptance thereof which was refused and answer made that I "might go to H—l." I thereupon examined the bill with just care and replied: "There is no such name on the draft." The drawee then said: "What are you giving me?" I replied, "I am a Notary Public, duly commissioned, and sworn, residing in—." The drawee then assumed a menacing attitude and called aloud: "Will you go out or shall I fire you out?" I replied: "I am here in my official capacity as a sworn Notary Public." He answered: "Notary Public be—." I said: "I have come to collect \$50." The drawee then repeated the words

the treatment I received while in the discharge of my official duties and also against the violence shown me. I furthermore protest against being called upon in the future to present drafts for acceptance upon pugilists residing in Harlem and against all and every person who may seek to elude payment by using offensive epithets and Indian clubs.

Thus done and protested in the City and County of New York aforesaid, the third day of December 1880.

ARUNDEL MCSORLEY, Notary Public,  
his + mark.

Cr.  
To protest and charges . . . . . \$ 1.36

Dr.  
Medical attendance . . . . . 165.82

ERNEST HARVIER.

The patriot had been out until 1 a. m. the previous night, marching under the torches of the free, and his youthful son had gone down

to see the procession. It is at the cheery breakfast table. "Pa," says the youthful son, interrupting the parent's glowing description of the parade and Honorable Mr. Howler's speech, "Pa, what was that place where the procession stopped and you all went in and stood by a long counter, and you hit Mr. Brown on the head with a glass mug?" The meal was concluded in profound silence, and afterward the parent took the lad out and fertilized him with a top dressing of shingles, inasmuch that he lost all interest in politics. Hinc al ley lickrime!—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

THE Empress of Austria, we are told, "amuses" herself with a cup of chocolate at seven in the morning, then goes to her stables. At one she takes a beefsteak and Hungarian wine, and after

reading the daily papers, dines at six, and goes to a private arena attached to her apartments, where she rides unbroken steeds. How she finds time to sew buttons on the Emperor's trousers and shirts, and darn the children's stockings, is difficult to understand.—*Norristown Herald.*

A VOLUME entitled "Fishing Four Centuries Ago," is just published. From it we learn that the art of angling has much improved. In those days a man sometimes went fishing and caught nothing, but no such instance is on record of late years.—*Boston Post.*

SOME enthusiastic fashion writer predicts a revolution in underwear. Well, a change in such things is necessary, once in a while.—*Lowell Citizen.*

Don't use stimulants, but nature's real brain and nerve food—Hop Bitters.

The Crown Tooth Brushes clean and polish the teeth. Bristles warranted not to come out.

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"bounce" three times and seized hold of an Indian club, swinging it in the air and exclaiming: "Did any one see y u come in alive?" I thereupon placed a chair in front of me and said in a loud and clear voice: "Ignatius McElhainny, do you refuse to pay this draft?" I was about to repeat it for the third time when I felt myself struck with a club and for the space of not less than three minutes beaten about the face and head, knocked down, bruised, assaulted and finally thrown upon the sidewalk with extreme and unnecessary violence.

Whereupon I, the said Notary, at the request aforesaid, HAVE PROTESTED, and do hereby solemnly PROTEST against all persons and every party concerned therein whether as Maker, Drawer, Drawee, Acceptor, Payee, Endorser, Guarantee, Surety or otherwise, howsoever, against whom it is proper to protest, for all exchange, re-exchange, costs, damages and interest, suffered and to be suffered for want of acceptance thereof - of which demand and refusal I duly notified the drawer on the recovery of the use of my right hand. And I hereby especially and most particularly protest against

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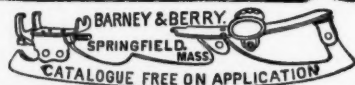
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H. HOOVER, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE rumor that the Berks county pretzel crop this year is a failure is a base Roorback, got up for political effect. The vines were not injured by the early frosts, and the burning heat of last July only shrunk the pretzel a little in size. The crop will average sixty bushels to the acre, we are informed by a friend in Reading, who knows more than we do about farming.—*Norristown Herald*.

GENERAL BUTLER lately advised a young lawyer to stick to his profession and keep out of politics. That's the way all the old politicians feel. They've got so much competition now that if any more go into it, politics won't pay anything.—*Boston Post*.

THE *Post* complains that it can't tell the humor of the *Free Press* from its serious discussion. Well, some people are born that way, but it is usually kept a family secret.—*Detroit Free Press*.

You can find the most local news in the papers of the defeated party the week after an election.—*Danbury News*.

THE Gray Medical Company of Milwaukee has failed, with liabilities amounting to \$16,811, and \$725 in assets. The assets, it is presumed, consist of five hundred hogsheads of medicine. A great deal of medicine can be manufactured by an expert for \$725.—*Norristown Herald*.

DURING one month this Summer, the Philadelphia mint coined \$600,000, and how they all got past us without our seeing one of them is what astonishes us.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

WOOD is so expensive now-days in Connecticut that real nutmegs are cheaper than the Connecticut article.—*Boston Post*.

WHILE a girl was using a celluloid comb, a few days ago, it came in contact with a gas-light and was consumed in a flash, burning her face. Fortunately there are no longer any red-headed girls in this country, therefore it is not necessary to warn them of the risk they run in using celluloid combs.—*Norristown Herald*.

### Feeble Ladies.

Those languid, tiresome sensations, causing you to feel scarcely able to be on your feet; that constant drain that is taking from your system all its elasticity; driving the bloom from your cheeks; that continual strain upon your vital forces, rendering you irritable and fretful, can easily be removed by the use of that marvelous remedy, Hop Bitters. Irregularities and obstructions of your system are relieved at once, while the special cause of periodical pain is permanently removed. Will you heed this?—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

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THE Princess Dolgorouki claims to be descended from the Archangel Michael. This is placing a terrible responsibility on Mike.—*Boston Post*.

Now, by Jove, we've got it! We're going to reform this theatre nuisance. Announcement: A big hat makes a woman look twenty years older than she is. There!—*Boston Post*.

A RUSSIAN claims to have found a new substitute for rubber. It is strongly suspected that while traveling in this country recently he tackled a ham-sandwich at a railway restaurant.—*Norristown Herald*.

Up to the hour of going to press the number of men who have been selected for Garfield's cabinet by our Democratic contemporaries would, if they were to visit Rhode Island, crowd all the inhabitants of that state into the adjoining territory.—*Norristown Herald*.

G. W. Cox, a young man living in Newfield, in attempting to shoot a cat with a revolver, Monday morning, sent the ball into the palm of his right hand. Everything appears to go wrong with Handcox supporters. The shotgun policy won't work even with cats.—*N. J. Commercial Advertiser*.

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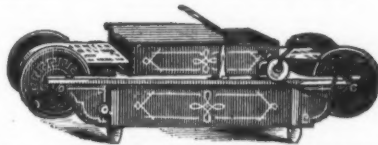
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As James would fain a sister—  
As eke some mother lads would do,  
He bent him down and kissed her.  
The maiden cried, "Aunt you a wretch  
To treat a girl so badly?  
You'd daughter be ashamed, I say,  
To cousin me so badly!"

—Eugene Field.

VARIOUS Republican editors are picking out  
their foreign missions.—P. S. Some others  
editors are not. They'd scorn to do it.—*El-  
mira Free Press.*

THE Philadelphia *News* says: "A burglar  
who made a tour of the solid South had to  
come back on foot. He says he could not  
find anything down there worth stealing."  
Then why are the Republicans so mad because  
they can't get into office, down there?—*Boston  
Post.*

THE Chicago *Inter-Ocean* quits heaping epi-  
thets upon its neighbors long enough to slur  
the Philadelphia papers for being unfriendly.  
If a Chicago editor misses calling at least two  
of his neighbors horse-thieves and ghouls each  
day, he goes home under the impression that he  
has neglected his duty and concealed the  
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cured him and now he recommends it to all. If you have disor-  
dered urine don't fail to try it.—*Yokohama Dispatch.*

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GEORGE JONES has suspended his cold vic-tual fund for Grant. It mounted upwards almost as slowly as the Washington monument. —*New Haven Register.*

DEACON RICHARD SMITH, it is understood, states that if Sarah will visit Cincinnati, he'll furnish some gush so warm and fervid that it'll make that 'ere Winter's stuff seem like a chill blast from a soda fountain. —*Boston Post.*

I SEE that it seems to be generally conceded that Iowa is to be represented in General Garfield's cabinet. Bear in mind, however, that I can accept no position that will interfere with my regular lecture engagements. —*R. J. Burdette.*

THE London *Quarterly Review* says that newspapers of the present frequently publish essays or leading articles worthy of a place among the English classics. H'm. We didn't know the editor of the *Review* was a regular reader of this column. Although these paragraphs may never reach a place among the English classics, as they deserve, we have frequently seen them in a medical almanac—and the honor is about the same. —*Norristown Herald.*

[St. Louis Western Watchman.]

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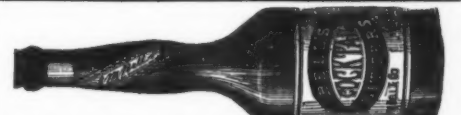


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THE November meteors are rather disappointing. Just as they begin to appear and we are on the watch for them, our attention is called away to look out for a counterfeit \$1,000 U. S. bond.—*Danbury News.*

BERNHARDT has a wonderful picture called "The Young Girl and Death." There are two figures in it, and you can take your choice of the two, as to which is Bernhardt and which is the young girl—*N. O. Picayune.*

WHAT a relief it is to turn from the political editorials in exchanges, to the calm, dignified statements to be found in the local notices of patent medicines. There is no lying in patent medicine advertisements.—*Milwaukee Sun.*

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MR. VENNOR kindly offers a seventeen hours' snow-storm, with a depth of eleven and a half feet of snow, on December 22d. What with the wrecking question and the fishery question and the Vennor question, we are likely to have trouble with Canada.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"WINTER is approaching." Thus 987 newspapers. Great Scott! How much the American people are indebted to the press! Were it not for this timely announcement, we make no doubt one half of our population would be setting out geraniums, cabbage plants and pea sticks, and the other half rushing to the shore and mountain.—*Boston Transcript.*

[Chicago Tribune.]

Thomas O. Thompson, Esq., the Mayor's Secretary, who, some few days ago, slipped on a banana-peel and sprained his knee, writes that St. Jacobs Oil "acted like a charm."

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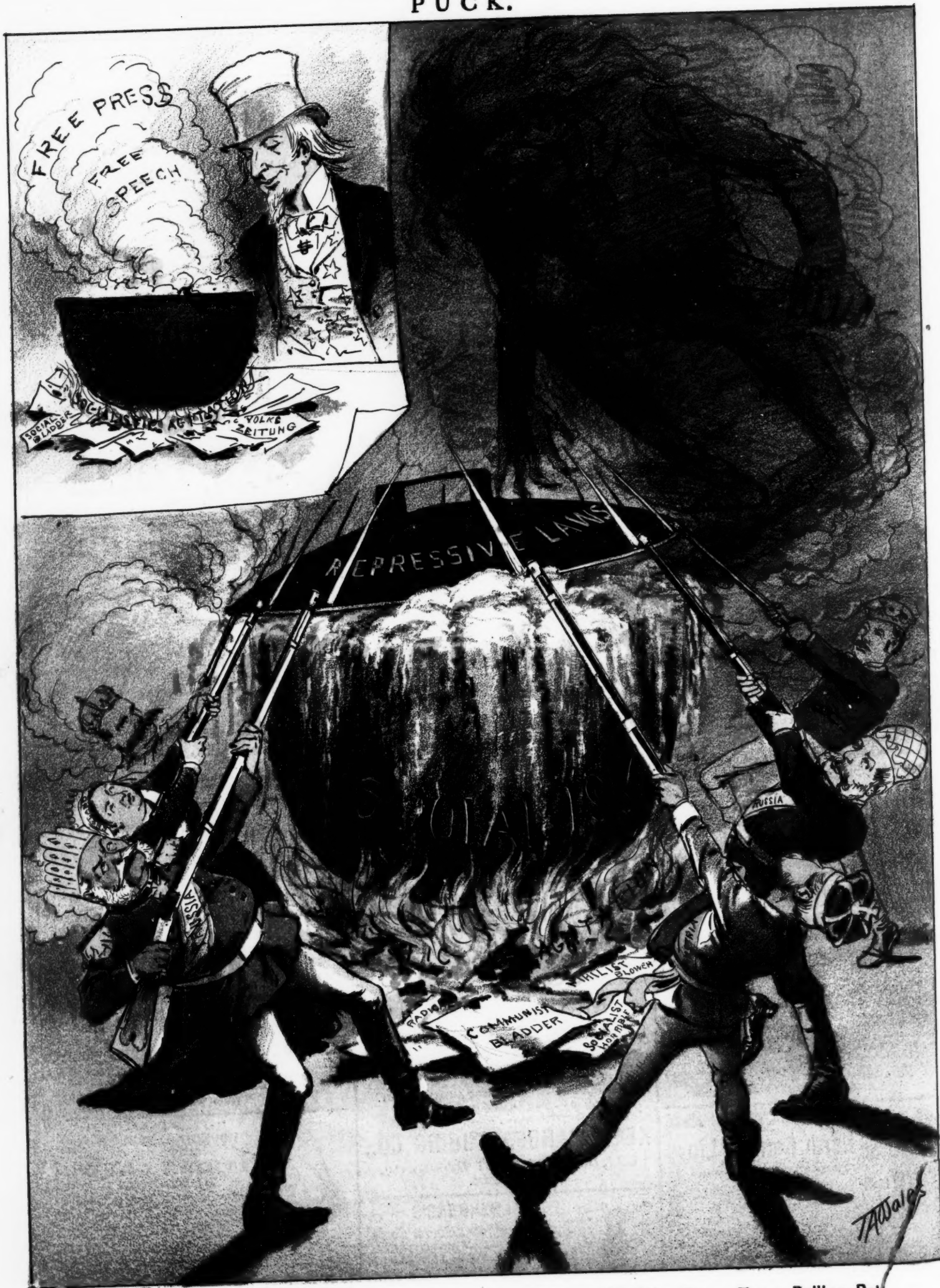
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